The Moth
Official Artbook
Anchasa Prakancharoen

The Moth

Official Artbook

Hello!

First of all, thank you for showing interest in my project and picking up my art book! The Moth is truly a passion project of mine, and I'm really happy that I finally get to commit to it. I have never done anything like this before, and it's so cool to be able to push myself to the limit and out of my comfort zone this much. Thank you, and I hope you find this journey interesting!

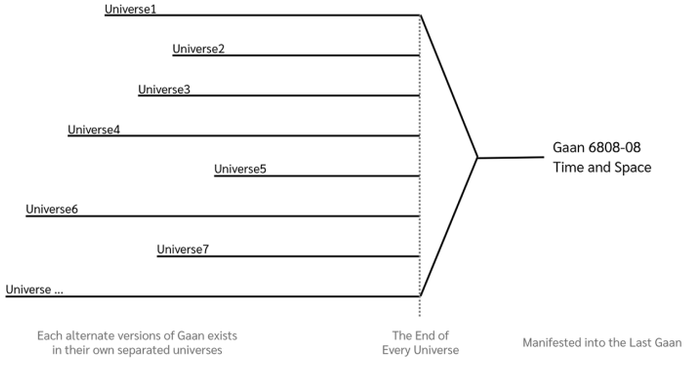
Contents

History
Character
Story
Artworks
Animation Process
Talk and Thank yous

History

TnS (Time and Space) Gaan Design from 2021, 2022, and 2024.

Once upon a time back in 2021, my group of friends at the time and I made our characters into victims of a strange time and space anomaly. My character in particular used to have different versions of herself in multiple different alternate universes, and one of those alternate universes will become the “Nithra” that we know today.



The Magnus Archives

The alternative universe we will be talking about in particular was very inspired by **"The Magnus Archives"** a supernatural horror fiction anthology podcast written by Jonathan Sims, directed by Alexander J. Newall and distributed by Rusty Quill. The podcast is structured as a series of statements recorded, or written and then recorded, for internal research use within the Magnus Institute. These statements are to help expand the premise and the meta narrative that is going on within the lives of the main casts, and the horrors that they are facing.

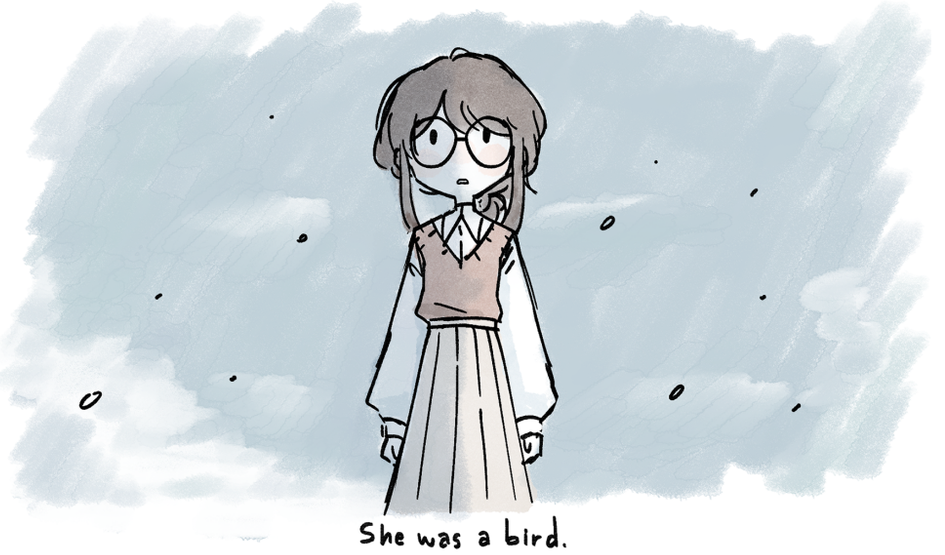
"**The Entities**", also called the **Fears**, the **Powers**, the **Dread Powers**, and **The Things That Were Fear** are the principal antagonists of The Magnus Archives, and the phenomena that more mundane and earthly antagonists serve. These entities do not simply feed off of fear but are fears made manifest. It is not only human fear that counts but that of animals as well, particularly for The Flesh and The Hunt. The more fearful the world is of a certain thing, the more powerful the related entity becomes, becoming empowered by the increased fear of its realm of influence.

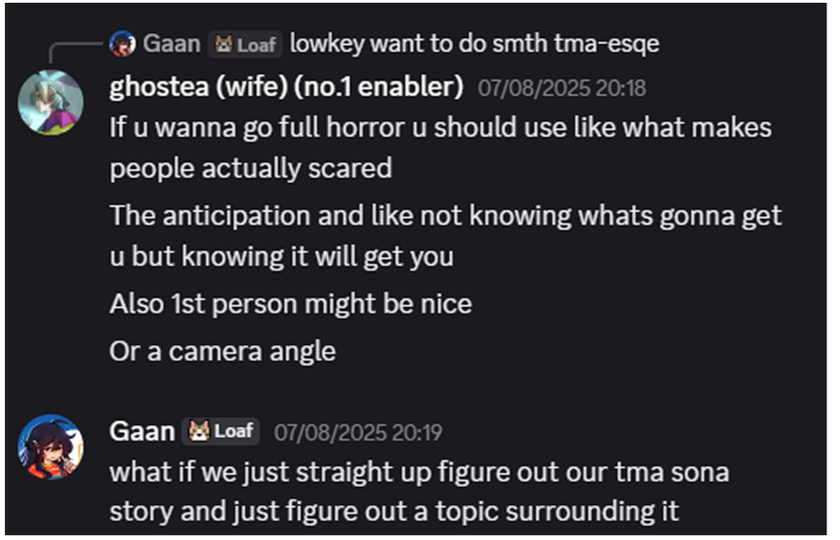
"**Avatar**" is a term commonly used to refer to individuals who have gained otherworldly abilities through their connection to "The Entities": in this alternate universe, Nithra is an avatar of The End: The fear of death, as well as the cruel and unstoppable end of things. It can manifest through the dead and common imagery surrounding death and has particularly close ties to dreams.

The person who introduced me to The Magnus Archives itself was none other than my partner, Ghostea. She is a big fan of the series, and has expressed greatly that she wanted me to get me into it as well. Despite me not being the person who usually listens to podcasts, I decided that I would start listening to it. And I fell in love with it.

The narrative, the voice actors, and the premise and concept of the whole project is phenomenal. I have always been a fan of horror, and The Magnus Archives being formatted as an audio only experience, it leaves so much to the imagination of the listeners themselves to decide how gory and scary these “Fears” can be from the descriptions and sound design.

Ghostea and I like to write stories together, using our characters to write and make up fun —or not fun— things for them to experience. It’s like playing dolls, everything is up to us to imagine and scope. And so, in 2024, Nithra was made, along with the vague concept of N/A, who was intended to be an Avatar of The Corruption: the fear of filth, contamination, germs, holes. Usually manifested into bugs, mold, rot, decay, and even the loss of self/individuality. We wrote and discussed the general storyline together, though the story was very much in its infancy state, but we were satisfied with what we had.

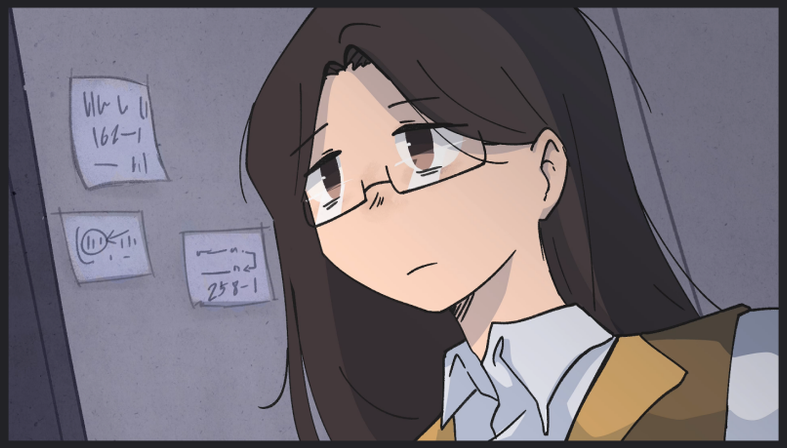


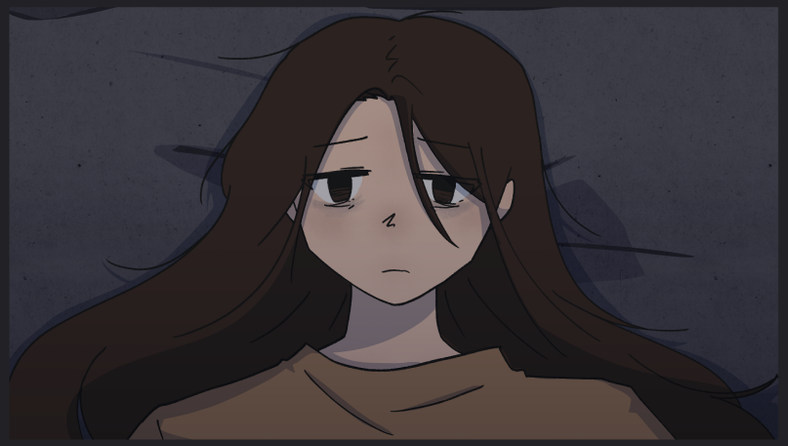


Come July of 2025, when I had to decide what to do with this thesis project, I was very lost with what I should do. Generally, the professors would prefer it if the project was not something very grim or depressing. Which, honestly, fair. However, I strive with writing sad, unfortunate, and depressing stories. I was going through a very rough time in my internship at that moment, and originally, I wanted to do a project about the concept and experiences of disassociation.
But after discussing it with Ghostea, I backed out of the idea because it might actually destroy my mental health in an unpleasant way. And finally I decided to pursue making the story we wrote together the year prior. Though it was not the most ideal situation since it might be a bit hard to propose such a depressing idea for my thesis, it was the best one we could come up with.

So, I put pen to paper, cleaned up the general plot from what we had, and with her help, and a lot of songs that inspired us, we have the story we have now. Thankfully it passed, and here we are!

Characters





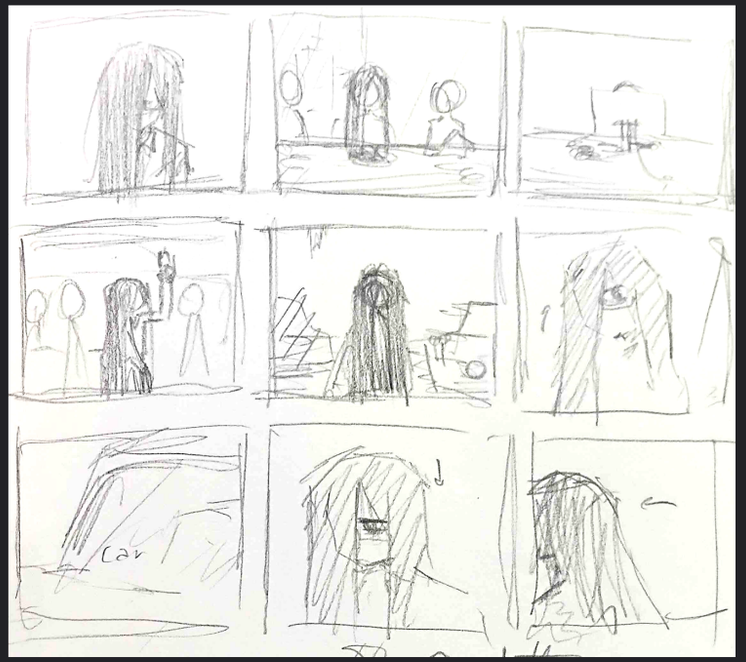
N/A

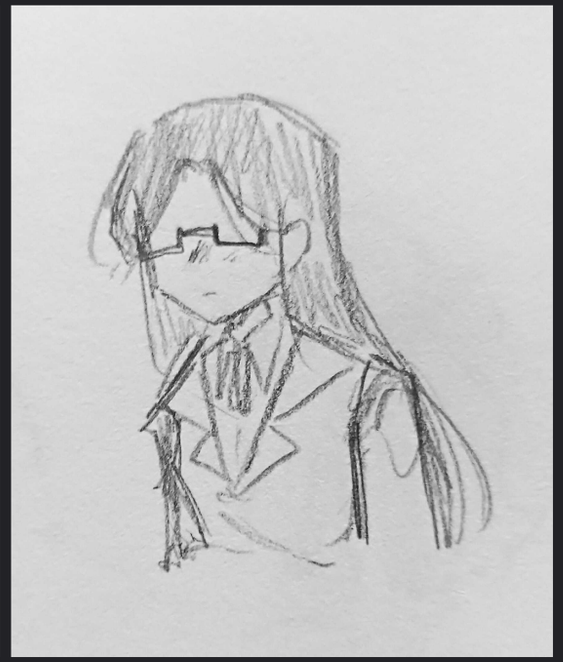
Motifs: Office Drone/Moth/Girl employee

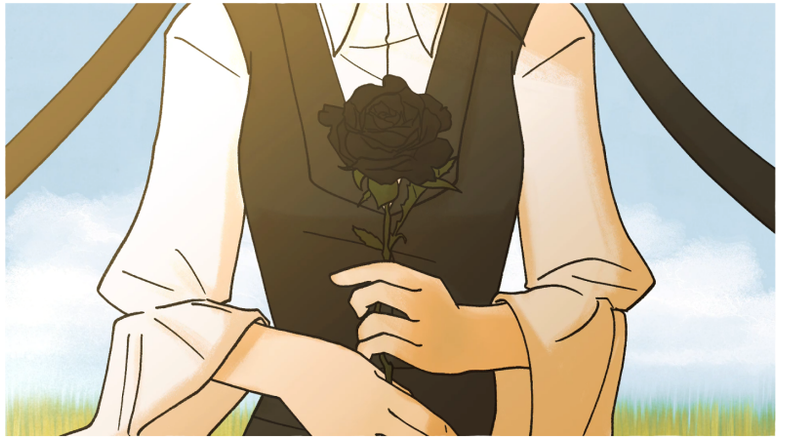
N/A; we don't know her true name. The importance of her identity already lost its value to her. All she is and will ever be in her eyes, is just her duty. She has never been the center of attention, no friends, and no light left in her. She has lost her grip and control in life.

Her dreams of leaving something important in the world were already lost to time. The more she grew, the further it felt, so she let go. Nothing seems to matter anymore, she's still here because it would be in the best interest for the people she works for. Even though they could replace her with another nobody anytime they want. She doesn't matter. Simply longing for the day that she will truly find the light in her eyes and flame in her heart again.

Though ever since she started seeing a woman in her dreams, who seems to be interested in everything she is—she listens, she smiles—N/A feels like she is really loved. After so long of being in the darkness of her mundane life, there is finally someone who looks at her with so much warmth. N/A starts to leave her real life behind, neglecting her well-being just to be there with Nithra. Seeing her was the only thing N/A looked forward to in her days.
It was mild at first, but as time goes on, her methods keep escalating for the worse. Overdosing on strong sleeping pills—combining it with other substances—the medicine's effects become too strong. Along with her neglecting her physical-self, it would be only a matter of time until she gave in to her fantasies fully.







Nithra

Motifs: Funeral/Black rose/Death Camas

Nithra, the woman N/A saw in her dreams. She will appear in the field of Death Camas somewhere in the dreamscape of the victim. The scent of the Death Camas is strong enough to turn her victims lucid within the dream. If the victim ignores her and doesn't approach her at all, nothing will happen.

In her hand is a single black rose, ready to offer it to whoever approaches. She is Death. Dressed in black to pay respect and mourn her victims.

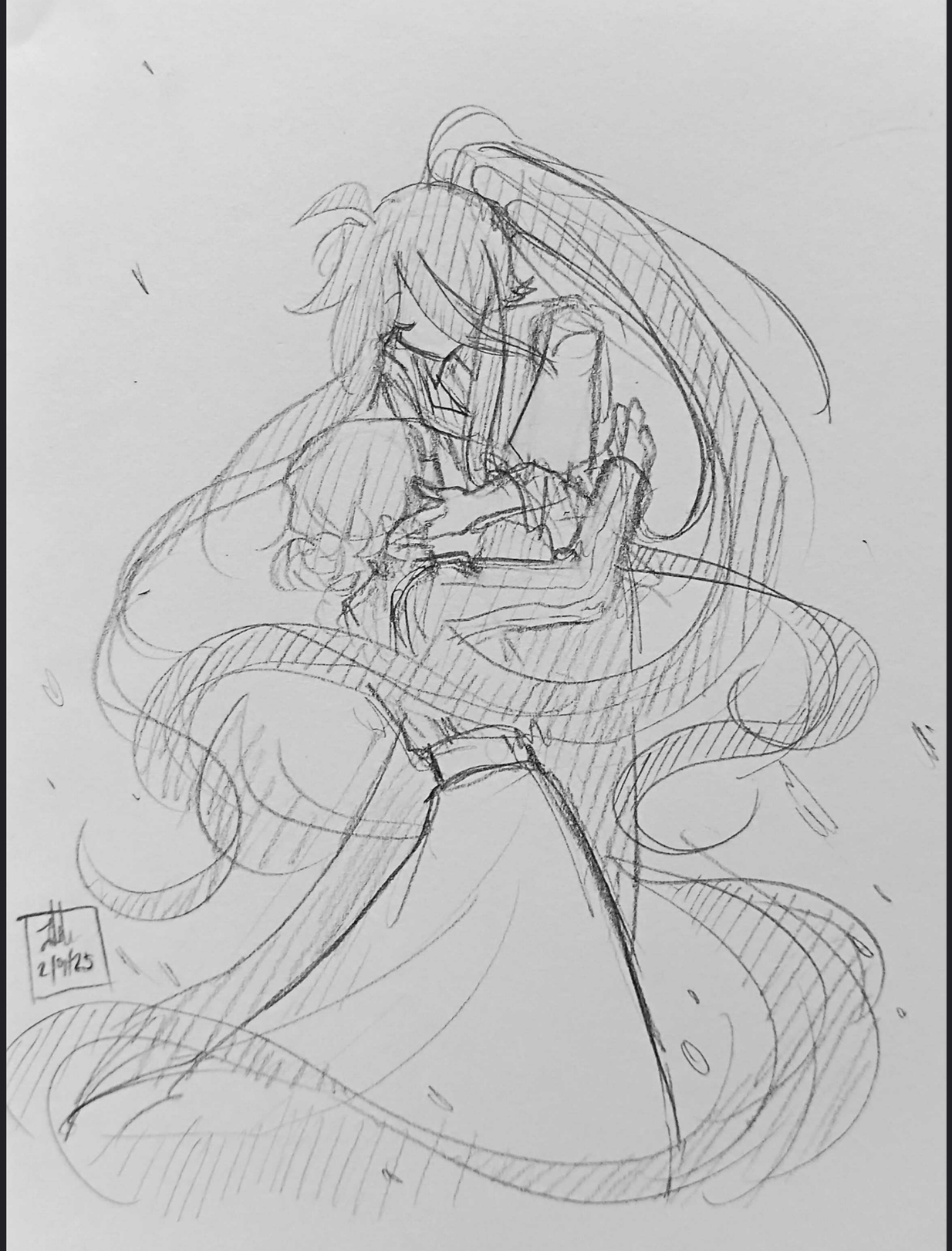
Nithra will appear in the dreams of someone who is confused, emotionally vulnerable, or in a bad state in life. Luring them to take the rose, that they will be safe with her forever. Though she would never force someone to take it. It will fully be her victim's own decision to take her rose.

If the person does take her rose in their dream, Nithra will allow them to wake up and spend their last day. Her victim will wake up with terrible tiredness, sickness, and it will get worse throughout the day. Every part of them feels incredibly heavy both mentally and physically.

Nothing can stop this development, and they will pass away the next time they fall asleep. It will be their last slumber.

Nithra feels fed after she claims a life of a victim, and then will move on to the next.

Butterfly's dream



What they are together.

Nithra accepts everything N/A doesn't like about herself, every imperfection, Nithra wants to know everything about her, but N/A knows nothing about Nithra, only that she wants her to accept the rose.

N/A has a feeling that she knows what would happen if she takes the rose. But this is the only light bright enough in her dull life, she doesn't want to let it go. She's like a moth to the flame, she knows it would be the end of her, but Nithra is all she has.

Story

The cold touch of air in the office finally released my skin the moment I stepped out of the building. Another long shift of staring at a screen, hunched over in my chair. Looking at numbers and documents, day in and day out. My shoulders ached, my head blanked as I left the humming of the lights and machines.

I stretched, remembering that I have to head to my local pharmacy to pick up my prescription. I've been having trouble sleeping from my daily screen time, and taking sleeping pills was the solution my doctor gave me.

"Careful taking these, alright?"

The lady at the counter handed me the bag of medicine. The instructions already included in the box within the bag. As I left, the vibrant shades of the sky casted shadows of the trees along the path to my apartment.

The usual mundane routine will finally end. I've barely had any time for myself ever since I got my job.

Wake up, go to work, come home, sleep.

Could it truly get any more boring than this? I was exhausted from the day and I couldn't even rest properly.

Unlocking the front door, I stepped into the threshold and dropped all my belongings at the door way, throwing the medicine bag onto the kitchen counter to my left. My sore legs dragging me through the mess on the floor towards the bathroom as my hands worked on undressing myself.

I spent about an hour and a half just stood there under the shower. No matter what, I couldn't ever feel refreshed. Merely a husk waiting for anything to matter to me again.

I'm at my limit.

Save me, anyone.

My cries were muffled by the sound of water droplets hitting the tile floor.

Putting on my T-shirt, I got ready for bed, not forgetting to take my medication so I would hopefully get some hours of sleep in. I took my glasses off, putting them down next to the bottle of medicine on the bedside table.

The cold air suddenly hit me when I did, though I assumed it was probably just the air conditioner acting up again. After just minutes, the tiredness started to hit. My head landed hard onto my pillow. I closed my eyes to meet the comforting darkness.

Tomorrow will be another day... just like this one.

I found myself again somewhere else entirely. Like I was in a trance for a long time, then suddenly conscious again. Instead of my day clothes, I was in a yellow sweater and an overall white skirt, my glasses absent. And before me was the widest field of dotted white flowers and tall grass.
The onion-like smell must've pulled me into becoming lucid within the dream. Though it stung, it truly felt like I finally got to take the deepest breath after years of nothing.

The sky was a soft shade of blue, and I couldn't see the end of the field.

And there is something there, or rather someone, in the middle of it all. A figure dressed in black clothes, her hair put up in a high ponytail so long it could wrap around her body countless times.

Though dressed in all black, she seemed so bright. She turned around to see me, I held in my breath with anticipation.

It was like she was floating. So light that every part of her is flowing in the gentle wind.
She smiled, a smile so warm I felt alive again. I felt compelled to step closer to her into the field. Finally noticing that she had a single black rose in her hand.

I said hello, having to look up to meet her eyes. She offered her rose to me, with one hand, and with her empty palm on the other. Right then, something in me told me to take her hand, and not her rose. So I did just that, slotted my hand with hers easily like she was already expecting me to.

"Hello, ■■■■■■■." She whispered softly. My name slipped out from her lips as easy as the wind.

"You must be tired." She tilted her head just slightly, her hand abnormally cold compared to mine. I nodded, still in shock that I couldn't utter a word.

"Sleep now, we will meet again soon enough."

And with that, the dream simply ended. It must have been hours later that I woke up in my bed in the morning.

Relief.

Then **clear**.

The soreness in my body has suddenly disappeared in one night. Was it her that did it? I felt so rested. I almost forgot what it felt like to get to sleep fully like that. I took a deep breath then stretched, the first refreshing morning after months or even years.

I got ready, headed to work just like every other day, suddenly I felt the energy leaving my body as I stepped through the door. Weirdly drained already even though the day has just started. I clocked in and forced myself into my box again.

Will I see her again tonight?

Maybe I'd actually get to say something this time...

I've lost my focus, but can you really blame me for daydreaming when my job is just waiting to hear what buttons I need to push?

I don't remember having lunch. I was behind schedule and I desperately needed this report to be done within today, and with my mind being so occupied, it wasn't the easiest thing to do. Although the fluorescent lights and freezing temperature seemed a little more bearable somehow. All day I've been looking forward to leaving. I nearly skipped my way back to my apartment through the warm air of the evening.

I was so drawn towards the idea of getting back to sleeping again, I took a quick shower, ate a sandwich, took two pills, and hopped into bed.

The effect of the medicine started to kick in quite quickly. As I started to drift, I felt that sudden cold air again. My eyes closed, and everything went black.

And there I was again, in the fields. The vague memory of the dream I was having started to fade as I approached her. She smiled and waved at me, the black rose still in her hand.

I nervously said hi, waving back, stopping just in front of her. She offered me the rose again, but instead I asked for her name.

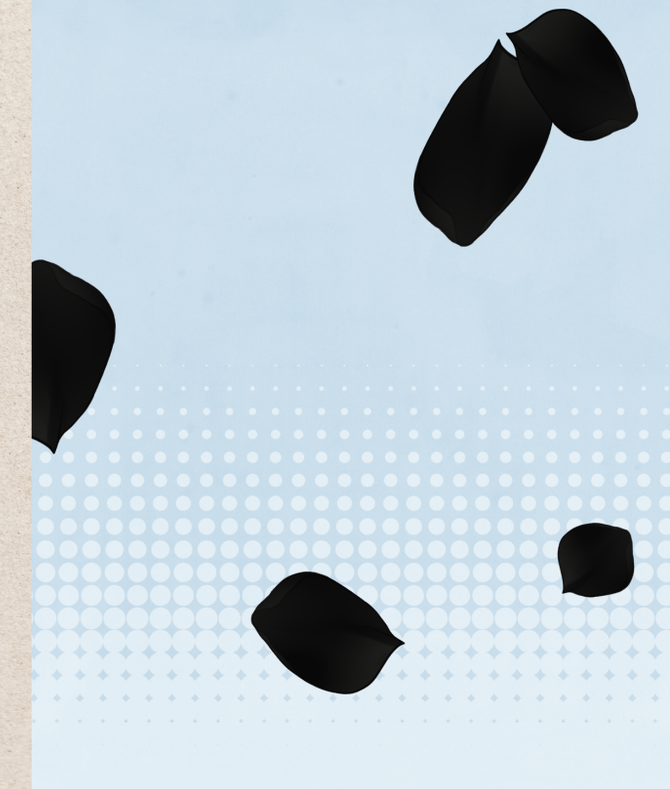
"Nithra," She said with a smile. "It's been a while since anyone has asked me that." Her gentle voice soothing my nerves.

I confessed that I had been thinking of her all day, and somehow she'd made the day a little more bearable. It might have been a little embarrassing for me to say anything like this in real life, but I was in a dream, I didn't think it really mattered if it was. Still I couldn't really look her in the eyes, I was fidgeting with my hands when she giggled at my confession.

"I'm glad."

Nithra took my hand, snapping me out of my nervous spiral.

"Shall we rest? You seem uneasy."



I only got to nod before a strong but gentle wind guided my body and hers down, pushing the tall grass blades down to provide a soft cushion. Together we faced the wide blue sky, just partly cloudy. The stinging scent of the flowers being the only thing keeping us from a perfect day out.

"How was your week, ■■■■■■■?"

I turned to face her, laying on my right side, her neutral expression catching me off guard. I said it was fine, like how I'd tell anyone. Her eyes didn't change, like she saw right through my empty words. I cracked and told her more about the bad parts, the report that I rushed to finish, the crippling insomnia, the mind numbing coldness and the fluorescent lights of the office.

Told her that maybe I just needed a break from it all. Then I laughed. A half tired sigh as I sensed Nithra turning to look at the sky instead. I saw the edge of her lips curved into a soft smile, she seemed glad that I told her.

"I hope it gets better for you."

"I'm sure it will"

I smiled at her words, just slightly. We spent some time talking about things from my life. I did most of the talking, but it was just so nice to have someone to hear it. It truly felt like a weight being lifted from my chest.

Until I woke up again.

The fuzzy feeling in my heart was fading away as fast as it had come. I crawled out of my bed to face reality again.

Days went by like this. I paid less attention to work and more to Nithra. It was tolerable.
She *made it* tolerable. I actually had things to look forward to after such a long time.

"Do you know how lucky you are? That I caught it before it could cause any **more** trouble than it had? You could have doomed our entire department."

My manager was relentless about making me feel as bad as possible. I couldn't look him in the eyes. I felt like I could die at that moment, truthfully. My track record hadn't always been great, so this wasn't exactly my first time sitting in front of him with me facing my knees.

"Are you *blind*? Or are you actually just that stupid that you allowed this to happen?"

He raised his voice again. My mouth sealed shut.

"I'm asking you a **question**!"

The sound of his fist slamming on his desk made me flinch. He shoved my report into my face. I could feel my eyes getting wet, but I had to keep it in. I couldn't let myself cry, not there.

After enduring his tantrums for what felt like days, I made it out of his office with a warning. I wanted to go home. As bad as it was, I really couldn't face anymore today.

It was lunch time already, so I at least wanted to get lunch before I asked for a half-day leave. I sat alone in the lobby, eating a cold sandwich. My coworkers walked past me and gave me a glance every so often.

I wanted to crawl into the floor and just die right then...

I made it home. I didn't even bother taking a shower. I made my way through the trash toward my bed and laid down. I took four pills from the bottle and swallowed them dry. It didn't take long for me to pass out.

I kept drowning my thoughts with her. She would keep my mind occupied and distracted long enough for me to be happy again.

We talked, we walked, we danced, we laughed. Everything she did was for me to be happy. She would comfort me when I needed her to. I *needed* her to be happier.

Nithra was my brightest days. I didn't want to let go.

Days turned into weeks, weeks turned into months. Everyday became less of me spending time on my own, and more with her in my dreams. Every *single* day she would still offer me that rose, and I would deny it every single time.

I hadn't been keeping track of time at this point. I didn't know how many days it had been since the last time I was fully present in my life. I walked past my coworkers without acknowledging them. They didn't really care, but they did report me for having a bad odor. I don't think I have been taking a lot of showers.

But Nithra was so kind to me always. She never gave me a judgmental expression, she didn't complain. She understood...

Though I might have been getting sick. I kept having migraines and stomachaches at every moment of my day. Though my mind was full of love and warmth, my body was heading in the opposite direction.

I kept asking for sick days, until I just stopped asking and didn't show up to work altogether. I don't think anyone noticed or cared enough to come look for me.

"You have been so tired, ■■■■■■■."

Nithra whispered, her tone so caring and worried. I told her that I started painting again. She smiled, encouraged me to keep going, but still mentioned that I should take a break.

I started painting a mural for her a little while ago, during my sick leaves. My landlord wouldn't be thrilled that I decided to do it on the wall of my apartment, but where else if not where I would likely be spending my entire life anyway.

And that became everything I did.

I'd wake up, add some bit of her on my wall, then take a few pills to go see her again.

My hunger grew, and my arms were riddled with scars I inflicted onto myself. My hair was becoming matted, and since when had I begun moving so slow?

I would jolt awake with a frighteningly fast heartbeat whenever I get too close to her. I really loved her.

If only I could live among the fields forever.

Nothing beyond it.

Nothing to hurt me anymore.

Everyday I kept telling her about how much progress I had done on the mural. She would smile, and say 'Thank you, ■■■■■■■.' every time. I wanted her to be proud of it like I was.

Then we would just do things together. She had really opened up and had also started to get more comfortable with me.

My brightest Sun...

I crawled into bed again. Taking the last few remaining pills and swallowing them. For a moment I felt like vomiting all of them back out. My body screamed for me to stop, but I pursued.

And I closed my eyes.

I crawled into bed again. Taking the last few remaining pills and swallowing them. For a moment I felt like vomiting all of them back out. My body screamed for me to stop, but I pursued.

And I closed my eyes.

"Hello, ■■■■■■■."

There she was. Radiant...

Nithra...

She took my hands and lifted them up, planting a soft kiss on the back of my hands.

"You have been nothing but lovely to me, ■■■■■■■."

Her brows furrowed for just a moment. She took a deep breath as I suddenly felt her hands become colder. The air got just slightly stronger as I noticed her getting more serious.

"We could play this game forever...but I honestly do not want you to be hurt anymore."

She briefly let go of my left hand, and a rose was conjured in her right. I felt a strong knot starting to form in my stomach. Looking from it to her.

She held it out to me.

"Will you stay here forever?"

My gut had been right since the start.

This might just be the last time I would see that rose.

And this might just be the last time I would get to see her.

I hesitated for a second, just a second.

But I took her offer this time.

Even she seemed surprised by me doing this. Months of my pretending that the rose didn't exist, to me embracing it with love.

The rose slipped through the instant I grasped her hand. It took little effort for us to finally be pulled into each other, our hands cradling each other's faces.

We kissed. A kiss would do. It was long and tender, *my first kiss*. And I hoped I was her first as well.

Right then, her expression shifted into a mournful one. My heartbeat was slowing down, and I really started to feel my physical body collapse.

And for the first time, her hands weren't as cold anymore.

That, or rather, mine weren't as warm as they used to be.

She took both my hands in hers, and she brought me into a dance. I followed through easily, the wind guiding me into her flow. And I was delighted to be there.

There must be something true about your life flashing before your eyes when you were about to die. I remembered the coldness of the office, the fluorescent lights, my awful manager, my messy desk, the eviction notice and therapy flyers, and myself in the mirror.

Myself who had become so pale and hungry.

But despite the change, I knew that I would be happy with her. I remembered the softest content smile I had on my face.

Nithra's eyes would never lie. She regretted this. I figured out quite early on that if I ever did take her rose, I would surely die. She had that atmosphere about her. **I knew it.**

Death wasn't so scary. Nithra wasn't a pure evil force that would kill me with no remorse. Death was the only person who was there for me, so why be afraid now after everything?

I would be mourned. And she had already been mourning my demise.

The field of Death Camas started to be drowned out by the brightness of the sky.

"I love you, [redacted]."

Nithra whispered the last thing I would ever hear in my life, and everything turned black.

I woke up in a trance. My back was leaning against her mural on the wall. If I wasn't sick before, surely I was now.

My body refused to move. A strange tiredness overwhelmed me.

But it was comforting.

The coldness of the air lulled me to sleep, guiding me to my last slumber.

So I drifted off, memories of my dream staying with me through the journey.

My final comfort, my final respite.

Artworks

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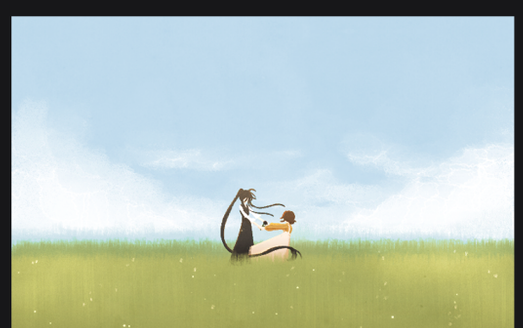
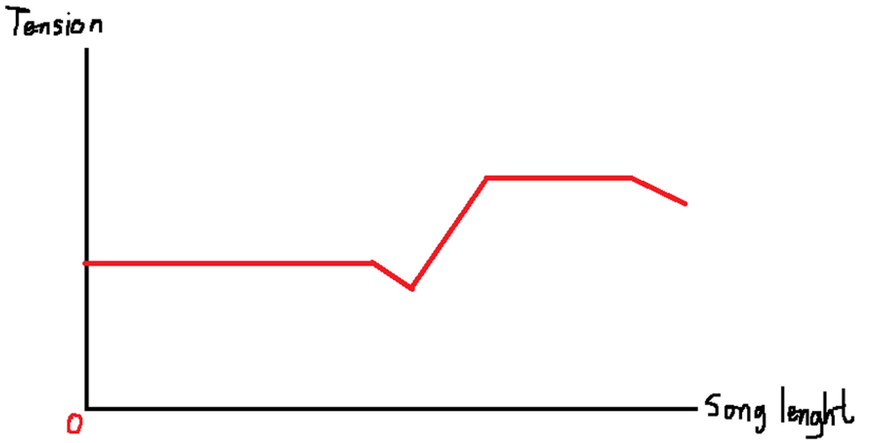
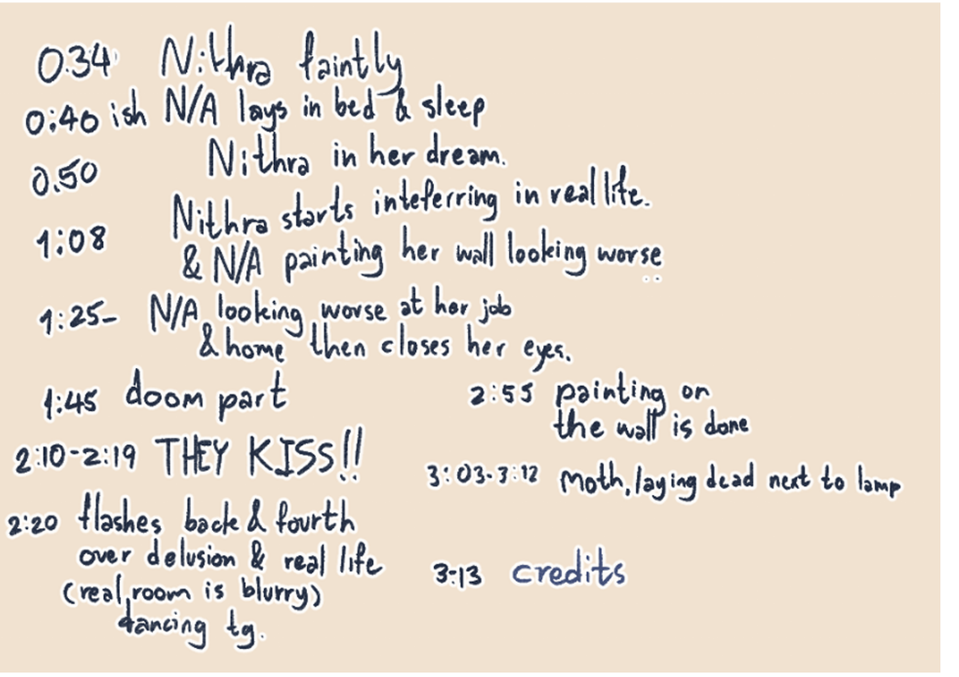


Animation Process

It might be the YouTube animator in me that does really well when there is already a song to animate to, and usually that's how my projects start. Personally, I think it makes pacing out the story a lot easier. So, I went to my friend Nita to have her help compose a song with the tension graph I made as a brief for her, along with 2 songs I wanted the style to be kind of like.t

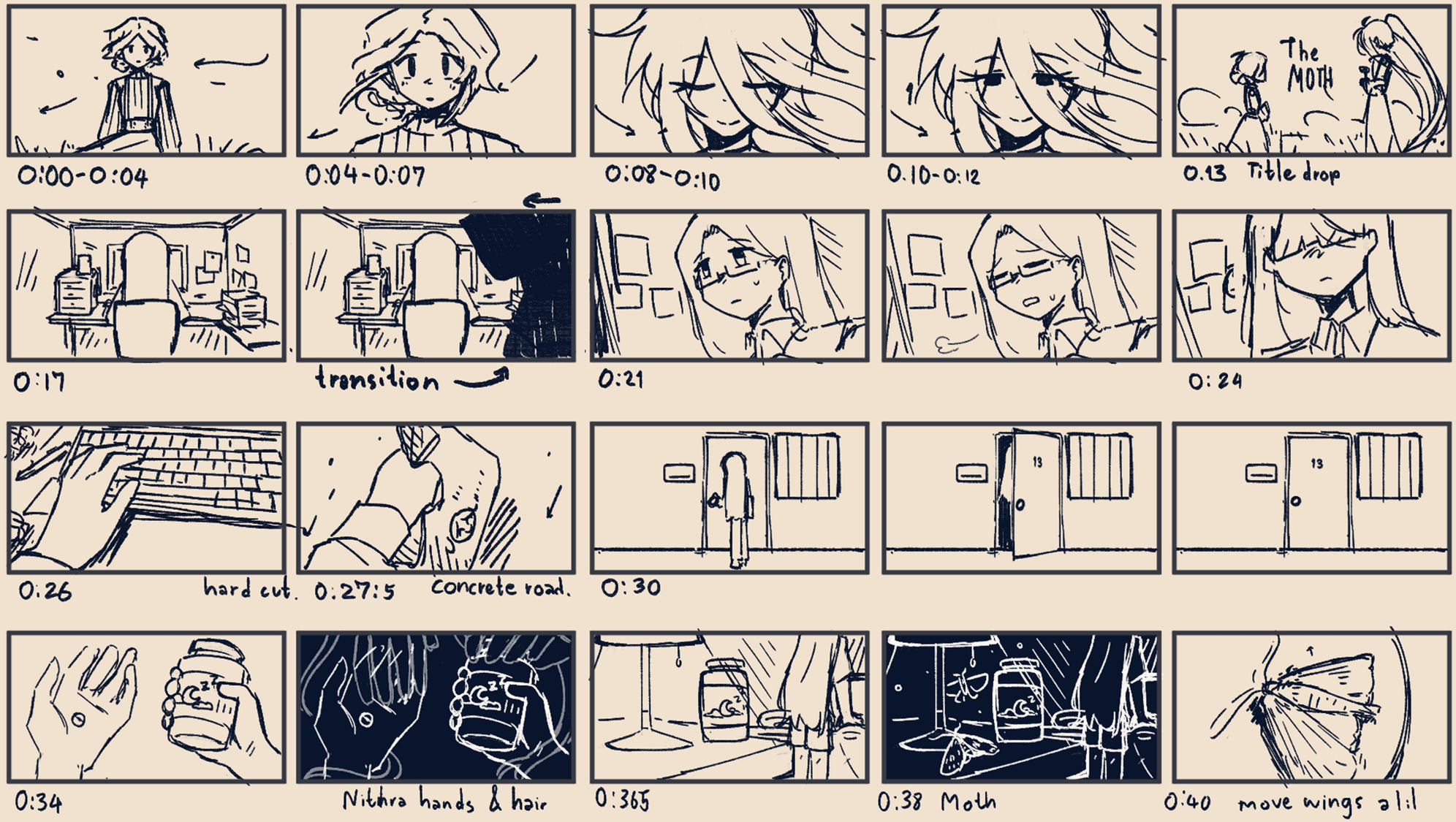




It took her about 2 weeks to finish with the final version! I got to work storyboarding with the new song as an anchor.

I also noticed that there are string instruments playing in certain parts of the song, so I adjusted the timing for the scenes so that Nithra would only be present during those string instrument parts, like she's adding on to the repeating melody of N/A's. I think it was a beautiful gimmick.

This was the very first timing plan I wrote before starting with the storyboard sketches. I don't think I have the first to the thirty seconds marked here because I already have them sketched out very early on.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0:08-0:10
0.10-0:12
The MOTH
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0:17
transition
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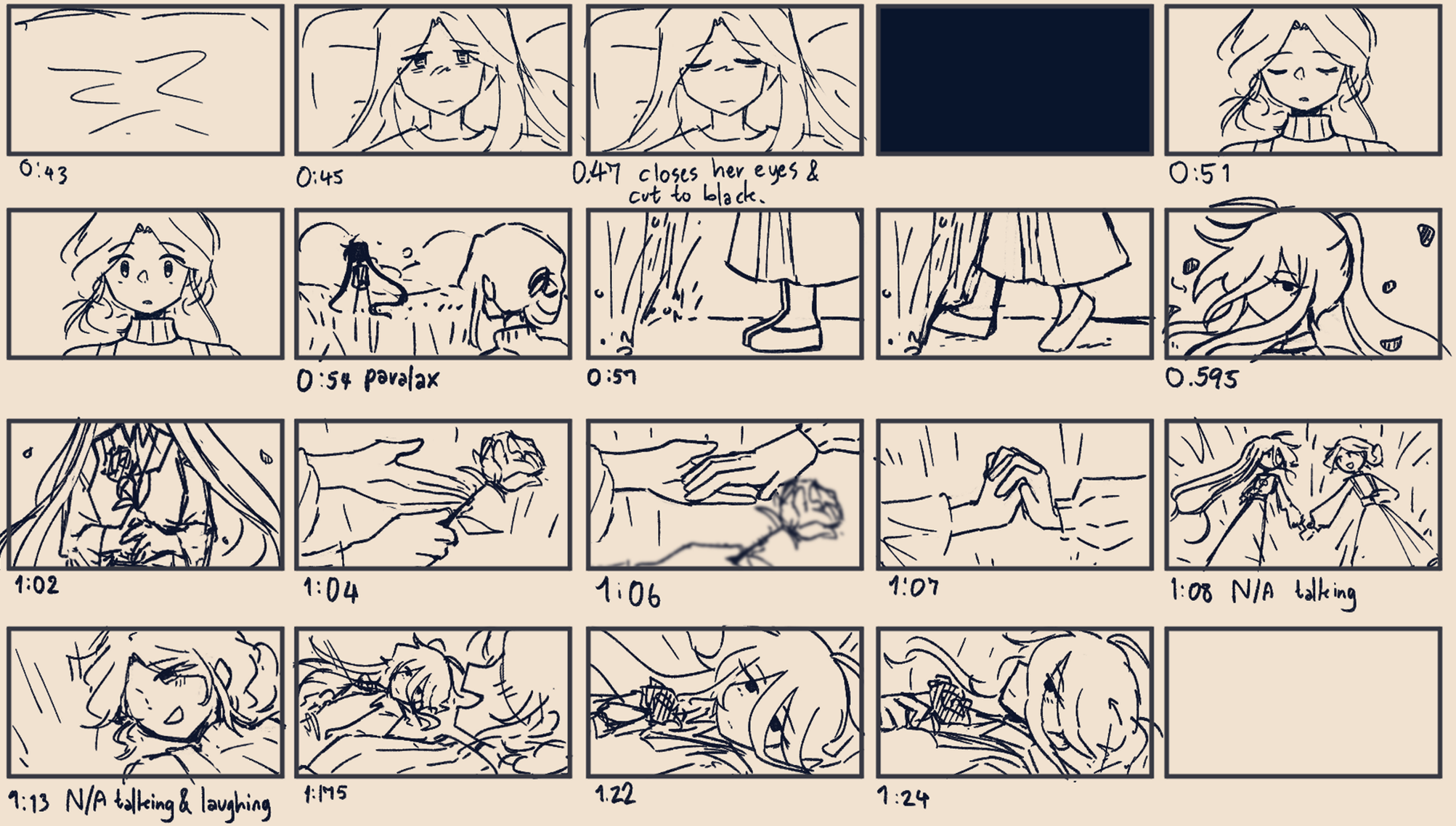
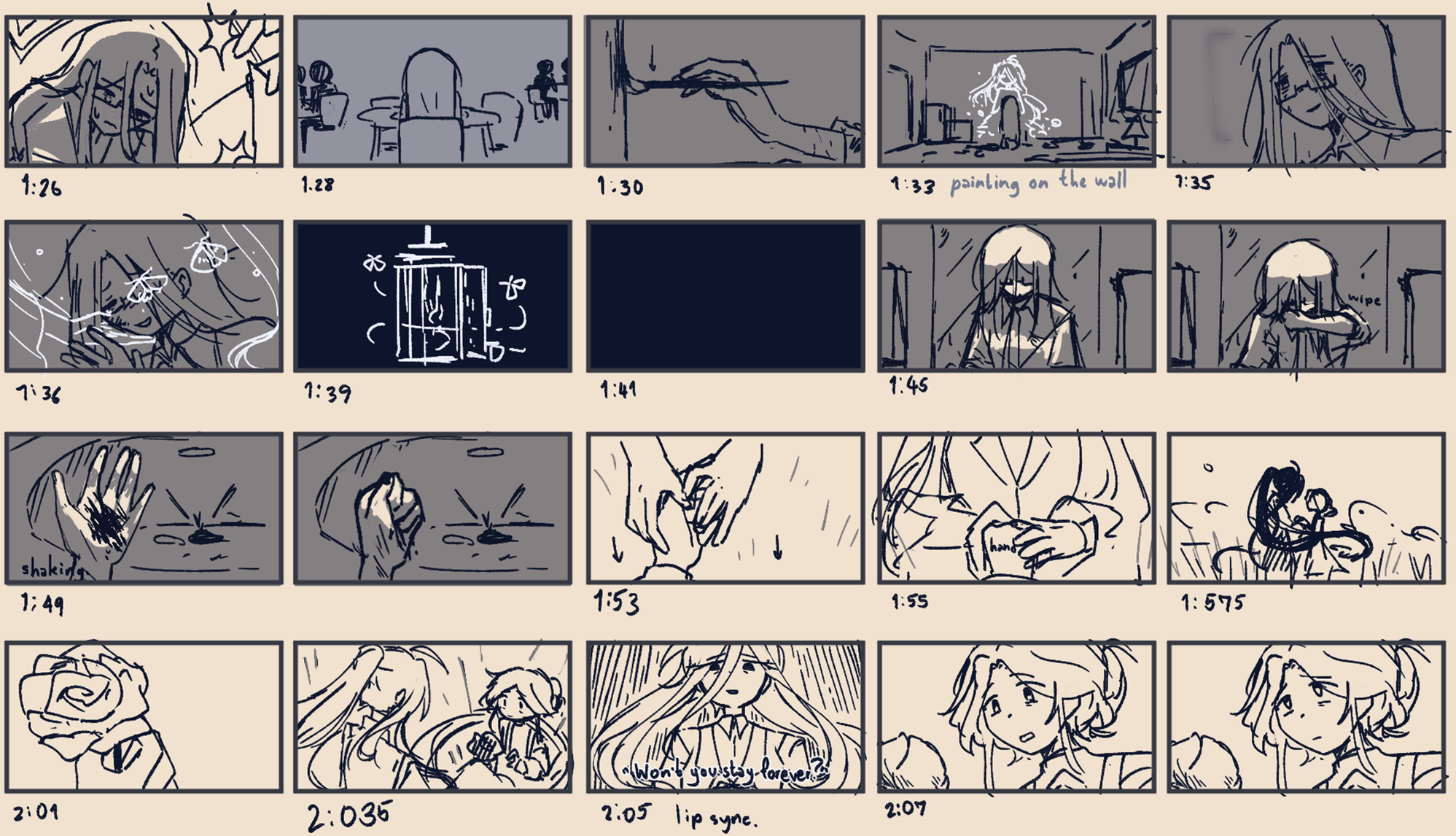
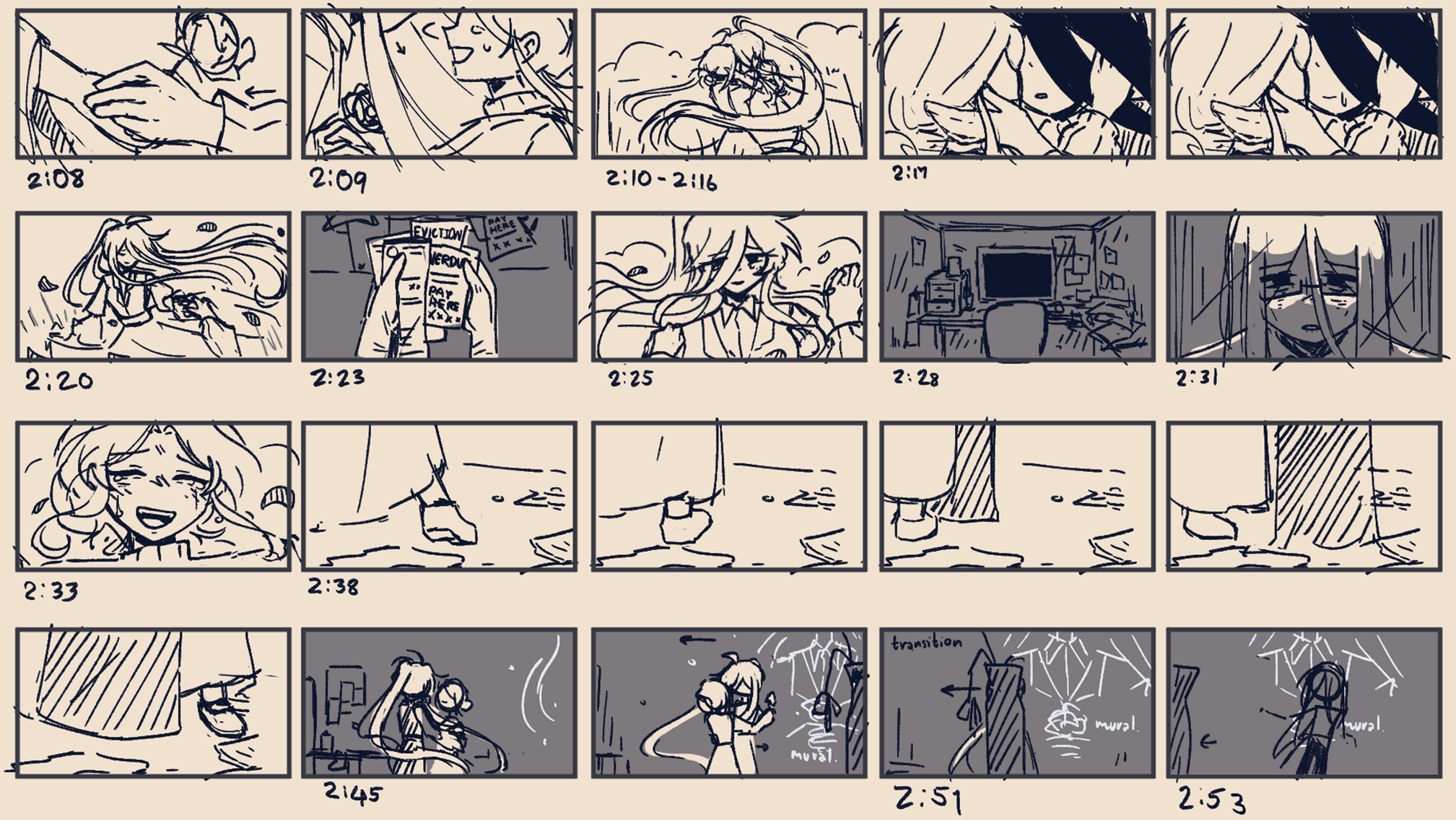
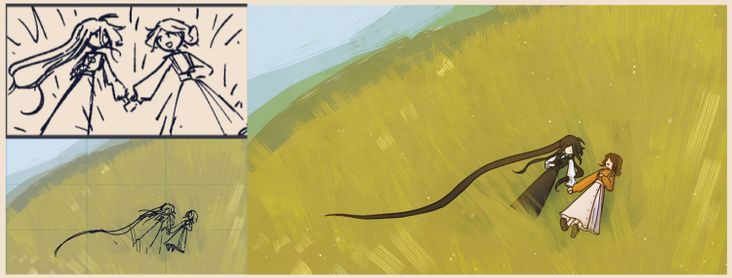
0:24
0:26
hard cut.
0:27:5
concrete road.
13
13
0:30
0:34
Nithra hands & hair
0:365
0:38 Moth
0:40 move wings a l:l

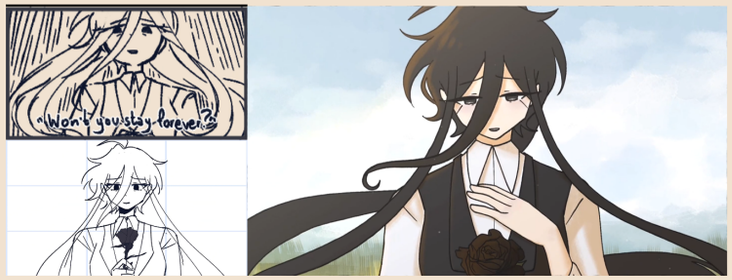

0:43
0:45
0.47 closes her eyes & cut to black.
0:51
0:54 paralax
0:57
0.595
1:02
1:04
1:06
1:07
1:08 N/A talking
1:13 N/A talking & laughing
1:15
1.22
1:24


1:26
1:28
1:30
1:33 painting on the wall
1:35
1:36
1:39
1:41
1:45
wipe
1:49
shaking
1:53
1:55
hand
1:575
2:01
2:035
2:05 lip sync.
Won't you stay forever?
2:07


2:08
2:09
2:10 - 2:16
2:17
2:20
EVICTION
PAY HERE
2:23
2:25
2:28
2:31
2:33
2:38
2:45
mural.
transition
mural.
2:51
mural.
2:53

finished mural
2:55
2:59
3:03
credits_
3:08
3:13





I started working on the storyboard on August 15th of 2025, and rendered the finished storyboard on October 7th of 2025. Usually, I wouldn't take as long on the storyboard stage, but the project needed changes and got suggestions from the professors during the 2 months of that stage. Though my visions on the pacing of the project were clear from the start.

I'd say there are very minor changes from the storyboard to the final animation. Most changes were with the compositions or some scenes, and the timing ended up not working out because I underestimated the number of frames I needed in a scene.

Before this, my usual projects I've done for fun would end at this stage. Just enough for me to get the message or a story across without putting too much commitment to the "animation" part. But since I really had to commit to this one, it felt a little scary. I kind of knew where to start, but just thinking that I had to animate for real, it just got overwhelming for a bit.

The animatic also took 2 months to complete. Mostly because I have a very bad attention span and it was difficult to bring myself to work on it when there was so much going on. It felt like I had 1-2 weeks of a cool-down period after each month's presentation before I could get my mind back into working again.

"Just keep going." Became my motto while working on this project. Very motivating, I know.

They said that working on a project with such a depressing topic would put someone down, but to me, working on ANY project with ANY topic with this amount of pressure would naturally put anyone down, probably. It really depends on who you ask.

And then came January, when I really started animating the scenes. I began with the easy ones first, then worked my way through the project. Initially I had a plan that I would animate everything first, then color everything, then do the shading. That didn't exactly work out as intended.

Since I dreaded animating the climax so much, I basically did almost everything else in other scenes first before even touching that section. I colored, and almost finished shading everything else, and then I had to just swallow the pill and get to animating the hardest part of the project.

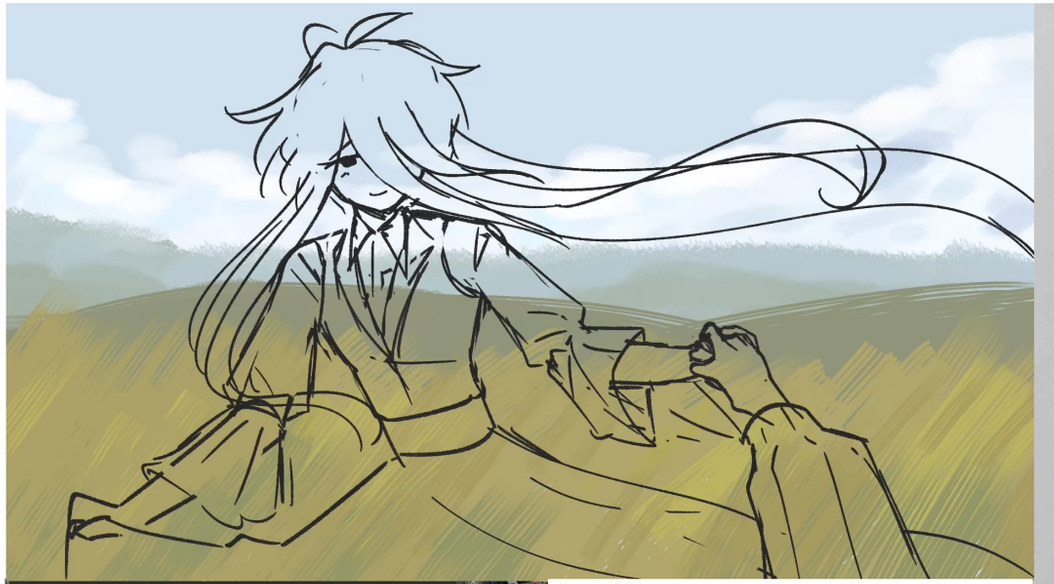
By the middle of March, this is what the production chart looked like.

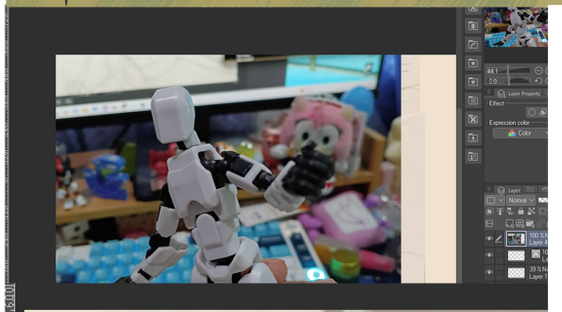
Scene	Description	Difficulty	Status			
			Animated	Colored	Shading	BG
1-2	N/A half body and head shot		☑	☑	☑	☑
3	Nithra head shot		☑	☑	☑	☑
4	N/A and Nithra Intro		☑	☑	☑	☑
5-6	N/A Office		☑	☑	☑	☑
7	N/A keyboard, walk home		☑	☑	☑	☑
8	N/A open door and entering		☑	☑	☑	☑
9	N/A pills, bed, head shot eyes close		☑	☑	☑	☑
10	N/A and Nithra Dream scape introduction		☑	☑	☑	☑
11	Nithra offering black rose and locks hands		☑	☑	☑	☑
12	N/A and Nithra lying in field		☑	☐	☐	☐
13	N/A awful office experience and mural reveal		☑	☐	☐	☐
14-1	N/A in bathroom blood cough		☑	☑	☑	☑
14-2	N/A transition into dreamscape		☑	☑	☐	☑
15-1	far field together		☑	☑	☐	☑
15-2	rose summon		☑	☑	☐	☑
15-3	stand still		☑	☑	☐	☑
15-4	Wont you stay forever?		☑	☑	☑	☑
16	Kiss		☑	☑	☑	☑
17	Nithra tear rolling down		☐	☐	☐	☐
18	Dance		☐	☐	☐	☑
19	Wretched feet shuffling		☐	☐	☐	☐
20	Dancing in room		☐	☐	☐	☐
21	N/A breathing and moth		☑	☑	☐	☑
	Last updated 9 March 2026					

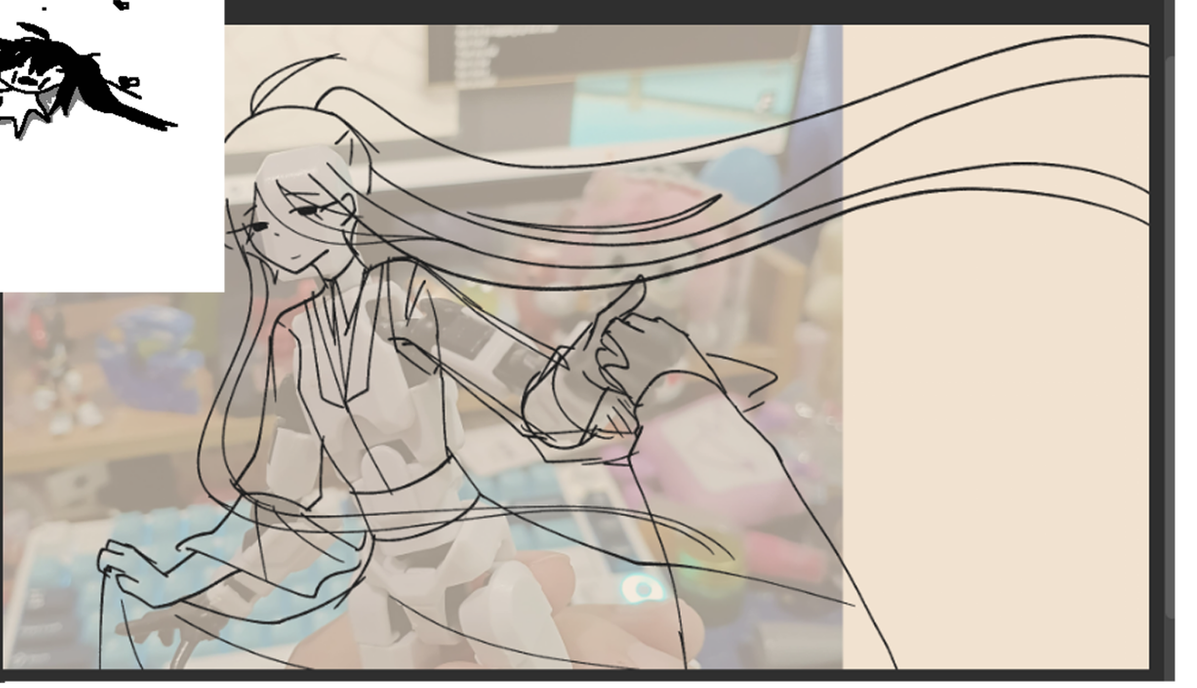
Indicators	
Dreamscape	
IRL	
Mixed	
Easy	5/6
Medium	11/11
Hard	3/6

It looks really promising at this point with 2 months left before the exhibition, especially because I have finished making the art for the poster and postcards, and the sticker. The only things left to do are finishing up the animation itself, placing the order for the merch, and writing the art book (this book you're reading).

Even after all of the bad things I've mentioned about being scared and fatigued from the project, it's always so rewarding to see a scene you've been working on for a whole 3 days come together so well... You might not believe it while you're filling in the colors, but after the shading, and the background, and the filters, it's worth the back pain.

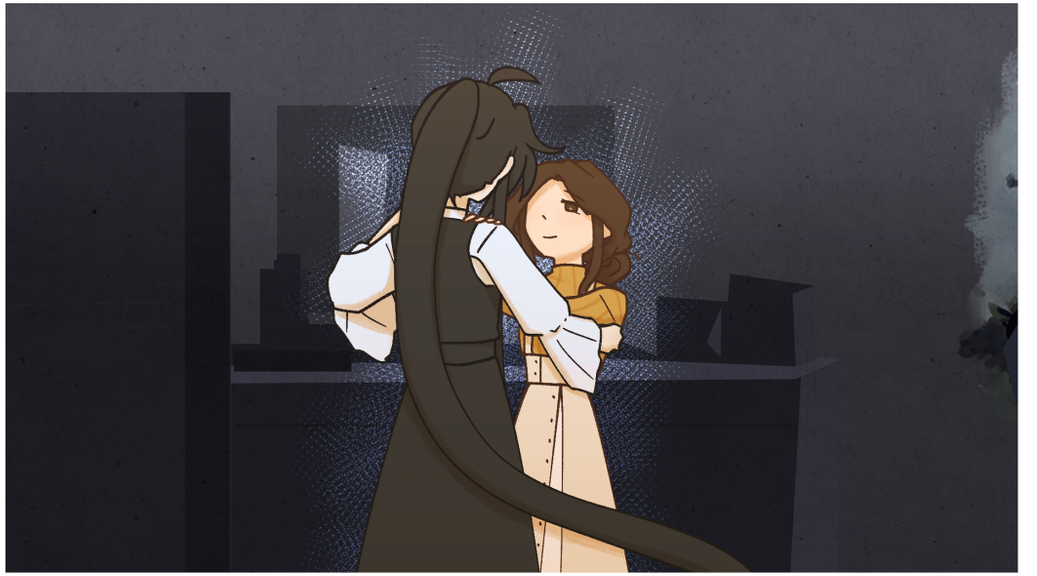






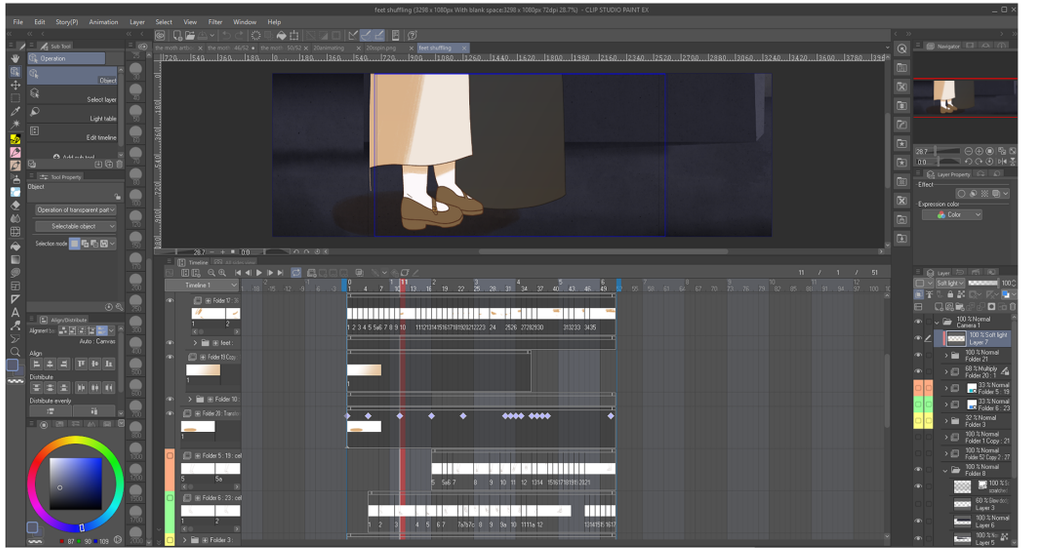
April was an overall very busy month for the project. Since I can't afford to be getting that 1-2 weeks to cool down each month anymore, I actually had to really lock in for once. I understand working whenever I can, but still couldn't resist the urge when my friends invite me to play some games as a treat.

Eventually I finished the 2nd most dreaded scene where Nithra and N/A are spinning in the room and then swayed to sit against the mural. After that came the scene I have been putting off for months because just thinking about it made me so unmotivated.



The feet shuffling scene. The scene before that spinning scene. Just them dancing, but the camera is fixed on the movement of the feet specifically.

And honestly, it went surprisingly pretty smoothly. Maybe perhaps because I disregarded Nithra's foot motion altogether since her skirt should've been covering them anyway. So the only pair I needed to focus on was N/A's. The tempo and timing didn't ruin me that bad, I'm very thankful for good references, especially from Frieren: Beyond Journey's End.



I dreaded it for so long but it ended up working out very well and the process went even faster than the spinning dancing scene. I was scared that I wouldn't be able to keep the size consistent but I'm glad it worked out. Maybe because I've gotten a lot better since I started working on this project, but maybe that's wishful thinking.

The last thing I did was to shade scenes I haven't finished, and refined the backgrounds of some scenes. And then I was done! Until I had to crawl back to do the rest of the artbook. I had asked Ghostea to help me with painting the moth scenes about a week earlier at this point, I'm sure if it weren't for her I wouldn't be able to graduate.

Talk and Thank yous

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I'm the Writer, Animator, Storyboard artist, Director, Colorist, Background artist of this project!

Just wanted to say how happy I am with how this project turned out! It's been a long ride of me thinking about this project nonstop for the past 9-10 months. I'm sure I will still be thinking about it even more after this. I'm proud of where we are with the story considering where we started. I'm happy to see it fully realized and concluded. I have always wanted to work on such an ambitious animation project of my own since I was just a little kid. I admired seeing people making animation memes on YouTube back in 2016, and now I'm here past the point of doing tweening animation... Please look forward to seeing my art again!

I'd like to thank Ghostea for being so cool with this idea and helping me with it along the entire journey. This project genuinely couldn't be what it is without her. Girl you're so cool and I can't wait to work with you forever after this <3

:Hello, Ghostea here!
It's been truly an honor being able to help and watch firsthand this project come to fruition. Congrats Gaan on finishing your thesis! I couldn't be more prouder of you!!<33

Thank you Midnight_Mourning for helping me with the editing of the artbook! Every word you've read in this book has been through Midnight and the flow of the words couldn't have been as pretty as it is now without her! Say hi Midnight

: Hi!! I'm Midnight ^-^ happy to have helped with the editing process of this artbook, and congrats Gaan on completing your project!)

Thank you Nita for composing the song for the animation! I couldn't have trusted anyone else to do this task but her. The song is perfect for this project!

Thank you my friends of Astroprism and Stellar's Arcade for helping me get through the treachery of this thesis and multiple sobs and sniffles from me. Moral support is really important and appreciated... Guys... thank you for playing toys with me...

Thank you to my family for being with me the entire time and providing me the place and luxury of being able to work on this project from the comfort of my home. I'm incredibly grateful for my family and no amount of thanks would ever be enough.

And thank you to all the songs, series, and games that inspired this project!!!

Park Bird - **Moth**
Noah Floersch - **The Bird Song**
Mili - **Bulbel**
Malcolm Todd - **Chest Pain (I Love)**

The Magnus Archives
Slay The Princess

Project advidors

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Dr.Wannayos Boonperm

555+ ต้องทำอีสัสต่อเหรอสัส

not doing it